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LIMA,

AND THE ANDES, WITH THE TOWN AND FORTRESS OF CALLAO.

Peru is a country deeply interesting to Europeans, with reference both to its past and present history. The larger and more valuable part of the territory, anciently so-called, now forms part of the republic of Peru-Bolivia; over which, General Santa-Cruz was, some years ago, elected president. His contention with the Chilians, and the partial revolt of his subjects under Orbegoso, are well known. By a series of measures, characterized alike by wisdom and firmness, he has overcome his adversaries *within* and *without* the camp, and once more reigns undisturbed, beloved by all good men.

Santa-Cruz appears to possess a talent, for which Napoleon was remarkable, that of choosing his officers and representatives among those most likely to serve him well. He is surrounded by superior men, some of them English. Of this class are those employed on embassies, witness the appointment of Don Vicente Pazos as Consul-general for Great Britain.

The engraving represents the fortress of Callao, with the port so named on the left;

upon the hill over the former is the city of Lima, and in the distance rise the far-famed Andes. On passing the headland, where a signal-post is erected, the voyager comes at once upon the principal fortress, which presents a very majestic appearance; it is entitled *Real Felipe*.

The old town of Callao was destroyed by an earthquake, in 1746. The sea rose and engulfed it; and the ruins may be seen on a calm day at the place called *Mar Braba*, deep under water; much treasure is occasionally washed up.

Down at old Mar Braba,
Sunk in waters deep,
Doth a golden city
Hushed in silence sleep:
For a fearful earthquake,
Many years ago,
All its royal palaces
Did wofully overthrow.

When the day is tranquil,
And the waters low,
Through their lucid crystal
Doth that city show;

Fair with dome and steeple,
Fair with tower and town,
Shining like a rainbow,
Many fathoms down.
Ofttimes too at midnight,
On the hoary shore,
Sweet faint sounds arise, as if
Of people who deplore :
Weeping for the grandeur,
Of a city dead,
All its greatness vanished—
All its glory fled.
And the waters sometimes
Cast up on the shore,
Wrecks of buried treasures,—
Red, rich, golden ore !
Down at old Mar Brabs,
Down in waters deep,
Doth a royal city,
Sunk in silence, sleep.

From Callao to Lima the distance is six miles, along an admirable road, constructed by Don Ambrose Higgins. A rivulet flows on either side of the road, irrigating the willows, among which grow a vast number of beautiful aquatic plants. Stone seats and circular recesses, in which carriages may turn, are numerous.

The fields of lucern and maize, and vegetable grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, are very luxuriant; the innumerable steeples and domes have a beautiful appearance; and the gateway is a noble structure.

To those accustomed to the cities of Europe, the interior does not realize the expectations which the distant view is calculated to excite. The houses are, for the most part, low, and without windows, and goods are placed on tables at the doors.

Lima is situated in south latitude 12° 2' 51". The chain of the Andes descends gradually to the coast, and the valleys which intervene are exceedingly beautiful and fertile. Through the vale below Lima the river Rimac flows majestically to the sea, fertilizing and adorning a vast expanse of country. The climate of Lima is salubrious and highly agreeable. Its mildness is, indeed, a theme of wonder to visitors. The thermometer varies from 77 to 61, so that there is a delicious alternation of spring and summer all the year round. One very extraordinary peculiarity may be noticed as respects the atmosphere of this country—it *never rains*. The fact is, that the vapours are not sufficiently condensed until they pass the mountains; but dense mists occur, nevertheless. Thunder and lightning are unknown at Lima, but a much more fearful visitation occurs, and that too, annually, in the shape of *Earthquake*. These convulsions are sometimes exceedingly detrimental to the cultivated lands only, but at other times they have been so terrific, as completely to demolish the city. No less than twenty of these dreadful visitations have occurred since the year 1582. On the violent eruption of that in 1746, there were twenty-three large ships of burthen in the harbour of Callao; and so terribly was the earthquake experienced on the sea-coast, that the whole body were torn from their moorings,

and nineteen out of the number dashed into utter wreckage.

The streets in Lima are generally free from impurities, owing to the streams of water which intersect and irrigate them. The pavements are tolerable, but are very indifferently lighted. One of the most remarkable features of the city, is the patrols, or watchmen. These pace the city during the night, and in the spirit of their religion, constantly call out the name of the Virgin Mary, in the words, "Ave Maria Purissima!" and announcing whether the night, under her guardianship or favour, be serene, or, on the other hand, cloudy. In the stillness and solemnity of night, this custom has a peculiar effect upon the spirit of the unaccustomed stranger—it is poetical, and more—it is religious !

Ave Maria Purissima !
Shield us and save us from ill ;
From the pestilence walking in darkness,
From the murderer ready to kill ;
From the plague, and the fire, and earthquake,
From the death that is sudden and still ;
Ave Maria Purissima !
Shield us and save us from ill.

Ave Maria Purissima !
Smile down upon us in love ;
Sweep off the clouds from the heavens,
That frown on us dark from above,
Smile from thy blue throne in heaven,
Smile—and that instant the skies
Shall throw off their blackness, and quickly
In lustre all rosy arise !

Ave Maria Purissima !
Shed thy sweet dews on the earth ;
Girdle the night with thy goodness,
Give unto morning gay birth.
Ave Maria Purissima !
Lady of glory and love !
Let us sleep safely on earth, till
We sleep in thy bosom above.

Of the natural productions it may be stated that *maize*, *beans*, fruits and vegetables of every description abound; but the wheat crop is very uncertain.

No manure is used, for the soil is not only rich in itself, but is washed by the turbid streams from the mountains, which leave, like the Nile, a slimy animal deposit. Lima, bounded by the river Rimac on one side, and walled in, forms a semicircle. The inferior houses are, as before stated, very mean in appearance, but those of the better class are novel, picturesque, and handsome; frequently presenting the appearance of trellised walls, porticos, and a garden, through the arched entrance. Many houses are very richly furnished, and have an abundance of carved and gilt ornaments. The churches are noble piles, more especially the cathedral; and the fountains are numerous.

The palace of the president is extensive, but has nothing remarkable in its appearance, either within or without. The entire population amounts to 85,000; about 22,000 of whom are whites, chiefly of Spanish descent, and the noble families amount to about one hundred. Nothing can exceed the hospitable affability of this class of residents.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A VISION.

The orphan weeps!— forsaken now
By his last friend;— his pallid brow
Expenses all his infant grief!—
At last sleep comes to his relief;
For in childhood's happy age
Grief's easy to assuage.
Before the heart is charged with sin,
When all is pure and bright within,
Affliction's dart is not so keen
As in mature age 'tis seen.

The orphan sleeps,— before his eyes,
Descending from the azure skies
A glorious form appears;
The radiant being hails the boy,
Whose infant heart dilates with joy,
And soon forgets his tears.

The Angel takes the orphan's hand,
And says, " My child, from that blest land
Where sorrow is not known, I come
To visit here thy earthly home—
Thou art alone on earth, my child,
(The spirit said, and sweetly smiled,)—
But let not sorrow dim thine eye,
Look up, my boy, to yonder sky,
For I, thy guardian angel, there
Shall watch o'er thee with fond care.
Whenever danger threatens thee,
Oh, then, my child, remember me!—
Thou art my charge— to shield from harm,
And keep in safety by my arm.
'Twas I presided at thy birth;
And whilst thou restest here on earth
Thy constant guardian I shall be.
By day and night to watch o'er thee—
But ne'er again shall I appear
Before thine eyes, as I am here,
Until thou draw'st thy parting breath;
Then, in the moment of thy death,
My task accomplished, oh! how sweet
To lead thy soul to Jesus' feet.
And render up my charge to him,
And place thee mid the seraphim!
— But thro' thy life, my gentle boy,
Full many a form shall I employ
To make thee hear my warning voice,
Or bid thy fearful heart rejoice.
By the sage counsels of a friend
I often shall obtain my end;
And if temptations dangerous snare
Besets thy soul, I shall be there;
Invisible, but powerful still.
To work my sovereign Master's will.
Sleep on, sweet child— thy sleep is blest,
And I am watching o'er thy rest—
Throughout thy life, thy dream this night
Shall seem a vision heavenly bright;
For I, thy guardian angel, now
Have gently touched thy sleeping brow.
— From thy couch I now depart,
Leaving peace within thine heart—
And from my home above the skies
Fill thou o'er thee with careful eyes—
Adieu! sleep on, my gentle boy,
And wake again in peace and joy.

And then the angel winged his flight,
Unto the realms of endless light—
The orphan woke— and the fair child
Sought the bright seraph who had smiled
Upon him in his sleep.

And then the orphan bowed his head,
Remembering all the vision's said:—
And from that day, the gentle boy
Grew up in wisdom;— and with joy
He often thought the angel's eye
Looked down upon him from on high.

L. C. R.—2.

THE SPECULATOR.

BY W. B. EGAN, M. D.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
This much I at least may recall;
It hath taught me, that what I most cherished
Deserve to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
That speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Byron.

THE following tale, which, to the British reader, may appear mere fiction, the writer is sorry to say, has but too much foundation in reality—it belongs, however, to another meridian.

In 1832, the Sac and Fox Indians, under the celebrated Black Hawk, their chief, committed the most sanguinary depredations upon the settlers of the western frontier of the United States, in Wisconsin and the northern part of Illinois—that portion of Illinois embracing the southern shores of Lake Michigan, and the romantic, and now thickly settled banks of the Rock and Fox rivers. General Scott was sent out by the government, with some officers of distinction from different parts of the Union, and soon succeeded in capturing this blood-thirsty chief. An end being thus put to the war, the beauty of the country, and its singularly felicitous facilities of position for commerce—the extraordinary fertility of its alluvial soil and temperate climate, became the theme of every communication from these adventurers to their friends all over the States. The internal chain of water-communication between New York and New Orleans, by this route, being only interrupted by about one-hundred miles of level prairie, the Federal government made a grant to the state of Illinois of every alternate section of land for six miles at each side of a proposed canal, from Lake Michigan to the navigable waters of the Illinois rivers. Chicago was laid out by the state commissioners, and a harbour built there, at the expense of about half a million of dollars to the general government. Emigration to this point, and the delightful country adjoining, went on with a rapidity unequalled; lots in the best part of this new and highly destined city, purchased in 1832, for 500 dollars, have been sold in 1835, as high as 25,000 dollars; and speculations, equally extravagant, have been made in the public lands in the vicinity. The nefarious warfare carried on by the President, against the United States bank, and the financial operations of the country generally, in 1836-7, produced a most violent and destructive reaction, which has been ruinous to the proprietors of lots in this new and necessarily expensive city. Chicago, however, has outlived the shock, and has now a population of about eight thousand; and her canal, which cost 9,000,000 of dollars, is nearly completed. The extraordinary character of the speculations achieved here, will sufficiently account for the facts of the story.

The mind of poor Bradshaw was well stored with the classic poetry of his own land ; and, indeed, other climes had rendered their inspirations subservient to the studious habits of his early life. In his lucid intervals, the finest thoughts of the fathers of song, were uttered by him, with a force, a beauty, and a pathos, that alone belong to the genius that feels and appreciates the conception. The high-souled philosophy of the ancients—the beauteous sophistry of Plato—and the more deep and lasting ethics of Aristotle, played round his mind like the familiar scenes of his boyhood; other scenes, and other climes might have partially lessened the vividness of the impressions ; but their freshness was peculiarly discernible during the lucid intervals of Bradshaw's mania. It was in one of these intervals, that I first called professionally to see my poor friend ; I found him perfectly rational, and with a felicitous appositeness ; he had been repeating the elegant sentiment from Byron, that heads this piece, to his amiable wife. There was something beautiful, and almost holy, in the subdued and devoted countenance of his still young and fair Emma, as she yearned over this soft recompence for the long and anxious nights, in which she had been tortured by the insane ravings of her highly-gifted husband. Exhaustion having now nearly weighed down the lids of Bradshaw, before I had an opportunity of examining him—he, for the first time within the last forty-eight hours, appeared to enjoy a sound sleep. With that fervour of devotion which characterizes the love of woman, the wife of Frederick Bradshaw would not permit me to wait on her husband, although she was evidently suffering from the want of rest, having been his only attendant during his insanity. She watched over him with the most intense anxiety, and seemed to mark the movement of every pulse, and to catch breath, till she was satisfied that he slept with some prospect of repose—then turning to me, “Doctor,” said she, “Frederick, in his ravings, frequently speaks of you as the companion of his childhood, and I thought, from your knowledge of his early character, you would be best suited for the management of his case ; and, knowing that he always paid high respect to your character and knowledge, as a physician, I am confident your attendance would be more agreeable to him in a state of convalescence, than that of any other of the profession. Our old family doctor, who has attended us for many years before your arrival, appears ignorant of poor Frederick’s disorder, and I put no confidence in him ; upon you, therefore, dear doctor, we place all human hope for the preservation of my dear Frederick—and may the God of the distressed aid you in restoring him to us.” I observed, I would do all in my power, for her husband, and my friend; and as a preliminary, required of her the general outline of his history, since her acquaintance with him, which, with my

own knowledge of his early life, would aid me in the management of his mental disease. “Frederick,” said she, “was introduced to me about seven years since, in the city of New York ; his personal appearance, as you know, had nothing in it to dazzle, or to engage ; but, the softness of his manners, and the enthusiastic eloquence which enriched his conversation, and gave animation and expression to his countenance, attracted my attention, and I listened with delight to the glowing descriptions he gave of the wild scenes of his childhood—the lake and the mountain—the waterfall and the streamlet, where he courted nature in her loveliest forms, and looked forward to life, but as the realization of those dreams, which are the fascination of youth, and the despair of maturer life. I know not whether it was the eagerness of my attention when he spoke, and the pleasure I could not well conceal in his society, that first attracted his visits ; I well recollect, it was on a New-Year’s Day, he first called, as he said to pay his respects, not wishing to forget any of his friends. The morning of that day, I was happy and light-hearted, and expected a large number of friends, whose visits were looked forward to with delight ; but when Frederick left the house, I felt an indescribable sadness, and a desire to retire to my own room, where one hour convinced me of the sudden and strange love with which my heart yearned towards Frederick Bradshaw. His visits became more and more frequent ; and when the verdure of spring added beauty and freshness to the frequented paths of the Battery, we sought, amidst its crowded walks, that solitude, which is sometimes best found amid the throng. With what delight have I hung upon his arm, as he familiarized to my young mind, the sacred lore of Egypt—its priests, and its mysteries—its temples, “dedicated to the blind and superstitious passions of the people”—its priesthood, which gave civilization—“and its religion, which was empire.” His mind seemed deeply imbued with all the knowledge of the ancient classics ; and the boarding-school impressions of history, which left on my mind rather the idea of something that must be learned, than the philosophy which was in reality inculcated—received new light and vigour from his enthusiastic representations of the refinement of Athens, or the more bloated grandeur of Rome. Such was the character of Frederick—intelligent, enthusiastic, refined ; such was my ‘beau ideal’ of excellence. We were married—Frederick devoted his evenings to me, whilst his days were taken up with professional duties ; he loved home and books ; we read and conversed together, till I almost loved knowledge as he did. The duties of a mother soon devolved upon me, and my sweet boy (Oh, that I could recall thee now, my first-born babe, to gladness, if but for a moment, thy father’s heart !) grew up in smiles at his father’s feet ; but ere his fond name was distinctly lisped, the sweet

bird was flown to adorn a brighter and a happier sphere. Time rolled on, and a few years brought us to Chicago; the place was then young, and offered little inducement to the professional man. Nevertheless, Frederick, with the intuitive foresight of knowledge, plainly and clearly saw the destiny that awaited it, and determined that he would identify himself and interest, with the growing city. He often said he would like to be rich, from the power of conferring happiness that riches afford; but he was too generous I thought, ever to get rich. He purchased lots, and they increased daily in value; he purchased and sold, and told me he was making money. He discontinued his studies, read little, but was as kind and as fond as ever. Another year, and the business of buying and selling increased amazingly; Frederick was seldom at home. He was cold, I thought, sometimes; but there were moments, even now, when we walked out in the woods, or on the lake-shore, and I had him for one half-hour to myself, he would be as he was of old; he would point to the blue Michigan, and speak of its thousand miles of rich and fertile shores, and the exhaustless waters connected with it—and the thousand sail that would soon float on its bosom, wasting the treasures of the old world, to this fair and beautiful city—the future ‘Queen of the West.’ He talked of the sunny skies of Italy, of the classic Florence, and the luxurious Naples. He spoke of the works of art that adorned the city of the Medici, and dwelt with deep and fond anticipation on the pleasures he should enjoy, after a few more years of successful enterprise, in purchasing some worthy ornament for the city of his adoption—his own Chicago—from among the bright creations of the painter or the sculptor. About this time, in the spring of 1837, his mind seemed intensely devoted to making money. His nights were feverish, and his rest disturbed. He frequently asked me in his sleep to sign such a deed, and boasted of his adroitness in subdividing such a piece of property, which produced such results. He eat little, was weary and fatigued in the morning, and usually brightened as the business of the day increased; but dinner-time found him without any appetite, and the success of his speculations, or the future prospects of his dear Chicago, were the only subjects that would stimulate him into his usual cheerfulness, and these were his constant theme.”

“He is a croaker,” said Frederick, rising in great violence—“he is a croaker, and Chicago would be better for his absence. What has he ever done for the city that made him rich! All Chicago would not bring twenty thousand dollars under the hammer! Fool, ‘tis worth as many millions. Go! go! your presence pollutes the spot you would calumniate”—and poor Frederick sunk exhausted by his exertion. I hastened to the bed-side, and laying my hand on the parched skin of

the raving maniac, counted one hundred and ten thready and wiry pulses. It was not difficult to be master of the disease, though its character has not been understood of late years. The ancients were masters of it; and talk of modern science as we may, the physiology of mental insanity has had but little light thrown on it since the days of Hippocrates; and to his aphorisms, are the most scientific moderns indebted for all that they know on the subject. Having saturated his parched lips with some acidulated drink, I administered a full dose of the tincture of ‘digitalis,’ and waiting for a short time to be satisfied of the effect of this extraordinary and most efficacious medicine, (than which there is none whose action is more like magic, in the whole *Pharmacopœia*.) I left the house, stating that I would be back in the afternoon. At half-past six, I again called, and found Frederick perfectly master of himself; the skin was a little moist; the pulse beat softly; but the eye—the eye, which I expected to find languid, with the pupil dilated, and rather glassy—the eye still retained the characteristic of the maniac; it was restless, penetrating, and singularly brilliant. He spoke of his indisposition—of his wife’s kind nursing—of his wish to retire from business when he recovered. He spoke calmly of the great change that had taken place in real estate in general, and he spoke eloquently of the power that Chicago possessed to resist the present pressure, and to live beyond it; ‘but,’ says he, ‘the folly, the ignorance, and the pride, of a few men among us, have accomplished, what nothing external could effect; whilst seeking place and power, which had been denied them, they have bridled their infant city with a government, the expenses of which she cannot pay; and with a judiciary, whose demand the present population cannot satisfy,—like the Roman women, they have given up the city to be plundered, while *they* are crushed beneath the armour, which was the fruit of the treachery. ‘Tis true, sir,” said he, with rather an increasing vehemence, “they have made the farmers of the county subservient to the laws of the city, and they have legislated for them, without their *wish*, their *knowledge*, or their *consent*.” Finding that this matter which Frederick dwelt on with so much enthusiasm, should not be continued too long—for the same reasons, that it should not be checked too suddenly, I endeavoured to change the conversation, by referring to our youthful sports and college frolics; the scenes were before him, and he readily entered into the spirit of the past—the remembrance of his youth. I soon administered another dose of my favourite digitalis, and as I left the door, his sweet wife blessed me, as if I had already restored her Frederick to “the sweet consciousness of sense.”

[To be continued.]

THE EVE OF AGINCOURT.

UPON the night of the twenty-fourth of October, the evening before the battle of Agincourt, the English army lodged in the villages of Agincourt, Maisonneuve, and some others, and spent part of their time in exhorting each other to fight bravely in the approaching battle. The king overhearing some of his nobles expressing a wish that the many brave men who were idle in England, were present to assist them, cried out—"No! I would not have one man more—if we are defeated, we are too many—if it shall please God to give us the victory, as I trust He will, the smaller the number, the greater our glory." The moon shining bright, Henry, with some of his best officers, carefully examined the ground, and pitched upon a field of battle admirably calculated to preserve a small army from being surrounded by a greater one. It was a gentle declivity from the village of Agincourt, of sufficient extent for his little army, defended upon each side by hedges, trees, and brushwood. Having placed guards, and kindled fire upon all sides, the king and the army betook themselves to rest, except some, who, considering that this might be the last night of their lives, spent it in devotion. The French, exulting in their numbers, and confident of victory, spent the night in wanton festivity, and in framing schemes how they would dispose of their prisoners and spoil. It was in general resolved, that all the English should be put to the sword, except the king and the nobility, for the sake of their ransoms. The results were experienced next day—the small army was victorious—the large one routed.

FASHIONS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE extravagancies of dress, and the follies of fashion, have been the subjects of complaint and satire in every age; but in none more justly than during the progress of the fourteenth century. In the remaining monuments of those times, we meet with many descriptions of the splendid and expensive dresses of the great, and many complaints of the ridiculous, deforming, and inconvenient fashions adopted by all ranks. The magnificent and costly dresses of the barons and knights who attended the marriage of Alexander the Third, of Scotland, and Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry the Third, at York, are thus described by an historian who was present at that solemnity:—"The royal marriage was solemnized privately, and very early in the morning, to avoid being incommoded by the multitudes of nobles of England, France, Scotland, and other countries, who were then in York, and were anxious to be present. It would raise the surprise and indignation of my readers to the

highest pitch, if I attempted to describe, at full-length, the wantonness, pride, and vanity, which the nobles displayed upon this occasion in the variety and richness of their dresses, and the many fantastical ornaments with which they were adorned. To mention only one in particular. The King of England was attended on the day of the marriage by a thousand knights, uniformly dressed in *silk robes*, and the day following, these appeared in different dresses, no less splendid and expensive."

This taste for extravagant dress was not confined to the opulent, but, as in every other instance, the vulgar are apt to imitate the manners of the great, so also at that period, the infection was general among all ranks. The remarks of an author relating the events and transactions of that reign, appear sufficiently accurate. "The squire endeavoured to outshine the knight, the knight the baron, the baron the earl, the earl the king in dress." Nor were the clergy less vain and extravagant.

During the reign of Edward the Third, this humour remarkably increased. An annalist says, "In this year, (one thousand three hundred and forty-eight,) England enjoyed great prosperity, plenty, and tranquillity, in consequence of her many victories. Such quantities of furred garments, fine linens, jewels, gold and silver plate, rich furniture and utensils, the spoils of Caen, Calais, and other foreign cities, were imported, that every woman of rank obtained a share of them, and they were seen in every mansion. Then the ladies of England became proud and vain of their attire, and were as much elated by the acquirement of all that finery, as the ladies of France were distressed by the loss of it."

Petrarch, in a letter to the pope, expresses his disapprobation of the dresses of that time in the following language:—"Who can see, with patience, the monstrous fantastical fashions which the people of our times have invented to deform, rather than to adorn, their persons! Who can behold, without indignation, their long-pointed shoes—their caps with feathers—their hair twisted and hanging down like tails—the foreheads of young men, as well as women, formed into a kind of furrows, with ivory-headed pins—their bellies so cruelly squeezed with cords that they suffer as much for vanity, as the martyrs suffered for religion—and especially those indecent parts of their dress, which are extremely offensive to every modest eye. Our ancestors would not have believed, and I know not if our posterity will believe, that it was possible for the wit of this vain generation of ours to invent so many base, barbarous, horrid, ridiculous fashions, to disfigure, and disgrace itself, as we have the mortification to see every day."

DEATH OF
HENRY THE SIXTH.

"I would not be thought here to lessen the credit and use of history: it is all the light we have in many cases; and we receive from it a great part of the useful truths we have, with a convincing evidence. I think nothing more valuable than the records of antiquity: I wish we had more of them, and more uncorrupted."—*Locke's Essays*; Book iv. Chap. xvi. § ii.

SOME very curious particulars relative to the mysterious death of Henry the Sixth, and subsequent accession of Edward the Fourth to the English throne, having been brought to light in a recent publication of the Camden Society, I venture to lay before the readers of the *Mirror* a few extracts from them, with the view of making them known to those philologists who, not being members of that learned body, are unable to consult the work itself. The period to which they relate is perhaps one of the most interesting in our national history, and yet the transactions which occurred in it have been but unsatisfactorily elucidated, despite the ingenious speculations and laborious researches of our most able antiquaries from that to the present time. This obscurity is not so much owing to the remote antiquity of the period, as to the scrupulous secrecy with which state affairs were then carried on, and the care with which the circumstances attending them were concealed from the public ear. Conspiracy and murder were then things of such every-day occurrence, that they excited comparatively little terror, and deeds of darkness were accomplished with a facility which it is difficult now to understand. The social economy of the country was then only in its most rude and primitive state; and the methods of communication so defective, that it was nearly an impossibility to get certain intelligence of even important events, beyond the immediate vicinity of their centre of action. These considerations may in some measure account for the fact of a king having been bereft of his throne and life without the concomitant circumstances being fully known to his subjects.

But to proceed.—The volume to which I allude is, "A Chronicle of the first thirteen years of Edward the Fourth, by John Warkworth, D.D., master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, edited from the MS. now in the library of that college, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c."—The existence of this valuable document was (as the editor informs us in his introduction) first noticed *for an historical purpose* by Mr. Hunter, in his Appendix to the last Report of the Record Commissioners, although it had been previously mentioned by Mr. Hartshorne in his "Book Rarities of the University of Cambridge." Some portion of it also had been quoted by Leland, in his "Collectanea." The account given by Warkworth of Henry's death is as follows: "Here is to knowe that Kyng Edward made out commyssyons to many schyres of Englonde, which in a X dayes ther came

to hym, where he was, to the nowmbr of XXX M., and came with the kyng to London, and ther he was worshipfully receyvid. And the same nyghte that Kyng Edward came to London, Kyng Henry, beyng inwardly in presone in the Toure of London, was putt to deth, the xxij. day of Maij, on a Twysday nyghte, betwyx xi and xij. of the cloke, beyng thenne at the Toure, the Duke of Gloucestre, brother to Kyng Edward, and many other; and one the morwe he was chesdyte* and broughte to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every manne myghte see hym; and in his lyng he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Tryres was broughte, and ther he bledde new and fresche; and from them he was caryed to Chrychesey Abbey in a bote, and buried there in oure Ladye Chappelle."—The particulars of the whole affair are here related with such extreme minuteness, that it seems almost impossible to doubt their veracity, particularly as they are amply corroborated by the accounts of the transaction as given in nearly all the old MS. histories, and as dramatized by the immortal Shakspeare. We have even the exact hour stated, the fact of the body bleeding afresh at St. Paul's, and the presence of the Duke of Gloucester at the murder.

"O gentlemen, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh!
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity!
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural."

The editor has cited a great many hitherto unnoticed MS. authorities, most of which tend to confirm Warkworth's statement. One in particular, a MS. London Chronicle, (Bib. Cotton. Vitell. A. xvi. fol. 133, rv.) gives the following description of the way in which the corpse was conveyed to St. Paul's:—"Also upon Ascencion evyn, Kyng Henry was brought from the Towre through Chepe unto Powlys upon beere, and abowte the beere, more gleyys and stavyys than torches; who was slayne, as it was said, by the Duke of Gloucestre; howe he was deed nobody knewe, [but thedir he was brought dead:] and in the chirch the corps stode all nyght, and on the morwe he was conveyed to Chertsey, where he was buried."

Besides the mass of circumstantial evidence in favour of the opinion that Henry met with his death by violent means, another and equally strong testimony is the great estimation in which he was held by his subjects on account of his private virtues, which would render very sudden and decisive measures necessary to stem the tide of popular feeling in his favour. For supposing that Henry had not been slain, but merely kept in confinement, there is every reason to suppose that he would very soon have recovered his throne. The editor has given several curious speci-

* This word signifies placed in a chest or coffin.

mens of verses laudatory of Henry's piety and valour, from among which I extract the following beautiful Latin ode, written about the year 1500, in the true style of Monkish adulation :—

" *Salve! miles precioso*
Rex Henricus generosus,
Palmae vitis calice;
In radice caritatis
Versans flore sanctitatis,
Viteque angelice.

" *Salve! flos nobilitatis,*
Laus et honor dignitatis,
Sex corone regie;
Pis pater orphanorum,
Vera salsa pulcherrima,
Robur et ecclesia.

" *Salve! forma pietatis,*
Exemplar humilitatis,
Deus innocencie!
Vi oppressus vel turbatus,
Meritis atque desonatis,
Scolia pacientis.

" *Salve! fax superoris lucis,*
Per quam servi summi ducis
Illustrans undique;
Domo virtute lucis vero,
Meruisti prefulgere
Tantis signis gratiae.

" *Salve! quem Rex seculorum*
Choris jungens angelorum
Civum fecit patris;
To laudare cupidem;
Fac ut semper sint fruentes
Tecum vita glorie! Amen."

As my limits will not allow me to enter any further into the subject, I must refer those who are desirous of prosecuting an inquiry upon this interesting point of history, to the large collection of new particulars adduced by Mr. Halliwell, in his copious introduction and notes, both of which abound with innumerable proofs of that untiring zeal in archaeological research for which he is so eminently distinguished, and of his enthusiasm in culling with a judicious hand from the repositories of ancient learning, whatever is really valuable and curious of the literary as well as scientific productions of bygone ages.

I cannot conclude this article without ex-

• For the accommodation of the uninitiated in the classical effusions of the middle ages, I subjoin the following literal translation, hoping that some of your poetical readers may favour me with a paraphrase in English verse :—

" *Hail! thou famous warrior, noble King Henry, branch of a celestial vine; flourishing on the root of affection in the flower of sanctity and of an angelic life!*

" *Hail! thou flower of nobility, glory and honour of dignity, and of the regal crown; thou pious father of orphans, true champion of the people and upholder of the church!*

" *Hail! thou image of piety, pattern of humility, ornament of innocence! thou school of patience, to the oppressed, sorrowful, and desolate!*

" *Hail, thou torch of heavenly light, by which the followers of thee, their great leader, are illumined on every side, whilst for thy piety thou hast deservedly shone forth with such marks of grace from the true light!*

" *Hail! thou, whom the eternal King, adding to the choir of angels, made a true citizen of the land; may those who desire to celebrate thy praises enjoy with thee a life of glory.*" Amen.

pressing my high sense of the value of such societies as that which owns the venerable Camden for its tutelar saint. The taste for antiquarian pursuits has for many years lain dormant, being kept down by the modern spirit of utilitarianism, which, like everything else, is sometimes carried to a most extravagant pitch; let us hope, however, that it is beginning to revive from its lethargy, and that the Newtonian axiom, "action and re-action are equal," may be fully realized.

J. C. W.

TRIBUTE FOR TO-MORROW;

SUNDAY, MARCH 1.

MORNING.—PSALM I.

Blessed is he whose mortal life's career its onward course maintaineth unapproached By Sin's unallow'd counsel, and whose feet Untredden, leave the devious paths of guilt! Blessed of Heaven, who rejects the seat Which impious scorn has chosen for its own, But with devoted heart, rejoicing turns To Heaven's law, the precepts of his God, To muse thereon the noon-tide hour, and dwell In meditation on their truth by night.

His way of life resembleth that fair tree, Which on the streamlet's genial margin rear'd, Yields in due season its abundant fruits; And with a kindly, all-productive growth 'Mid leaves of never-failing verdure thriveth.

Far other doom awaits the sons of vice — Like chaff upon the scatt'ring winds upborne, The cause of sinners, when their hour is come, And judgment is awarded, shall not stand; Nor in the pure assemblies of the just Shall guilt maintain its station : for the Lord Our God, with all observant care regards The progress of His righteous servants' course, While all the counsels, all the ways of vice Untimely failing, in perdition end.

AFTERNOON.—PSALM VIII.

Lord, our Creator! Thou whose glories beam Sublime in splendour o'er the vault of Heav'n, How is Thy name exalted on this Earth! The sucking babe, in humble accent heard, Proclaimeth unto bold insulting foes The awful might of Thy celestial arm— Stilling the eager malice of revenge.

Lord! when I lift mine eyes towards the heavens— That beauteous work of Thine Almighty hand, And meditate upon the moon and stars, By Thy creative pow'r ordain'd.—By Thee First form'd and in their spheres celestial fixt,— My heart exclaims within me— "What is man, That thou hast thus consulted for his good? What is Man's feeble offspring in Thy sight, In mercy thus regard'd and endow'd."

Thou didst install him, at his birth, in rank Which, though it rival not the angel hosts, Is held in honour, and with glory crown'd: For him alone, Thou madest all:—the flocks, The herds and cattle of the fields, the fowls And fish, and whatsoever creatures else Glide through the channell'd pathways of the deep. O'er these, the mighty works of Thy right hand, Man, at thy bidding, holds dominion!

Great God of Heav'n! Our Maker and our Lord! How glorious is Thy name in all the Earth.

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THE WOODEN CHURCH, AT GREENSTEAD, IN ESSEX.

The parish of Greenstead is in the hundred of Ongar, county of Essex, containing 131 inhabitants. The living is a rectory, in the archdeaconry of Colchester, and diocese of London, rated in the king's books at 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and in the gift of the Bishop of London. The church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is a small edifice; the nave, or body, is very remarkable, being entirely composed of the trunks of large oaks, split, and roughly hewn on both sides. They are set upright, and close to each other; being let into a sill at the bottom, and a plate at the top, where they are fastened with wooden pins. This was the whole of the original fabric, which yet remains entire, though much corroded and worn by length of time. It is twenty-nine feet nine inches long; fourteen feet wide; and five feet six inches high on the sides, which supported the primitive roof. The inhabitants have a tradition that the corpse of a king rested in this church, which seems to have been founded on the accounts given us by some of the old writers; for, in a MS. entitled "Vita et Passio S. Edmundi," "The Life and Death of St. Edmund," there is this passage "A. D. M.X. et anno regis Etheldi XXX. S. Edmundus propter infestationem Turkelli, comitis Danorum, Londonium est ab Ailaino translatus; sed tertio anno sequente ad Bedriceworth est reversus;" "A. D. 1010, and the thirtieth year of King Etheld, St. Edmund, on account of the persecution of Turkell, the leader of the Danes, was removed to London by Ailain, but, three years after, was brought back again to Bedriceworth." And, in another MS. cited in the Monasticon, and

entitled "Registrum canobii S. Edmundi," "The Register of the Conobium of St. Edmund," it is further added; "Idem apud Aungre hospitabatur, ubi in ejus memoriam lignea capella permanet usque hodie;" "He also lodged at Aungre, where, in memory of him, a Wooden Chapel remains to this day." Now the parish of Aungre, or Ongar, adjoins that of Greenstead, where this church is situated; and that the ancient road from London into Suffolk lay through Old Ford, Abridge, Stapleford, Greenstead, Dunmore, and Clare, we learn, not only from tradition, but likewise from several remains of it, which are still visible. It seems not improbable, therefore, that this rough and unpolished fabric was first erected as a sort of shrine, for the reception of the corpse of St. Edmund, which, on its return from London to Bedriceworth, or Bury, as Lydgate says, was carried in a chest; and, as we are told by the register above-mentioned, that it remained afterwards in memory of that transaction, so it might, in process of time, with proper additions made to it, be converted into a parish-church; for we find by Newcourt, that Simon Feverell succeeded John Loden, as Rector of Greenstead, juxta Ongar, in 1328. He says, likewise, that Richard de Lucy, very probably, divided the parishes of Grinstead and Aungre, and built the church at Aungre, in the reign of Henry II.; and that these two churches, which are distant from each other but a quarter of a mile, were united in the reign of Edward VI., but divided again in that of Queen Mary.

Biography.

THOMAS WARTON

Was born at Basingstoke, in 1728, and discovered, at a very early age, a fondness for study, and a maturity of mental powers unusual in a boy, and at this very early period, he imbibed his fondness for Cathedral Music, which accompanied him through life. At the age of seventeen he wrote "The Pleasures of Melancholy," which alone shows his attachment to Milton, and sweetly paints the feelings and emotions with which his thoughtful breast in early boyhood was familiar. At this premature age of seventeen he also wrote "The Progress of Discontent," the best imitation of Swift that has yet appeared. These two very early compositions discover his extraordinary youthful acquirements, and the versatility of his talents.

In 1754, he published his "Observations on the Fairie Queen of Spenser," which drew from Dr. Johnson a most handsome letter to him. They display an abundance of reading in romantic history, and ancient poetry, which recommended him to the esteem of Warburton, who expressed his indignation more than once, that nothing was done for him by those who were in power. It was in the second edition of this work that he introduced his celebrated note on the ecclesiastical architecture of England. He thus early distinguished himself as a critic in our English literature, and this elegant composition, which exhibits his extensive erudition, raised him at once to an eminence in this department, which no successor has arisen to dispute with him. A fondness for the beauties of architecture was an absolute passion in his breast. This is strongly painted in his "Triumph of Isis," written in his 21st year, and which warmly paints his attachment to Oxford: "no wonder when all the luxuries of mental entertainment were at his command; libraries richly stored, amid the silence of academic towns, were ready to feed the curiosity of his mind, constantly awake to literary researches.

"Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fane sublimine,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old magnificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite!
Ye high arched walks, where oft the whisper clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye tempest's dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymn of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame;
Like Greece, in science and in liberty,
As Athens learned, as Lacedæmon free."

There are some fine touches of Gothic painting in that most beautiful ode at Vale-royal Abbey, which forcibly remind one of

the inspiration of Mr. Gray:—his attachment to Mr. Gray was ardent; he thus concludes his sonnet to him:—

—For many a care beguiled
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a rapt'rd thought and vision wild,
To thee this debt of gratitude I pay.

"The Grave of Arthur" is the noblest inspiration of Mr. Warton. It has been observed that it breathes a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm. The genius of Sir Walter Scott was kindled by this, and Mr. Warton's "Crusade."

The only satire Mr. Warton ever wrote was "Newmarket." "It is remarkable," (as Dr. Mant, now Bishop of Down, who wrote his life, says,) "for its vein of severe and manly indignation, nor do I think it can be deemed inferior to the best satirical compositions of Pope or Young." His ode "On the Approach of Summer" will always be read with delight. In his descriptions of rural scenery he was singularly happy, rich, and interesting.

The first volume of his important work, the "History of English Poetry," was published in 1774. The third volume of this noble treasure of poetical knowledge contains his celebrated view and character of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's age. Of this work, Dr. Mant thus speaks:—"On the prose style of Warton, may be added a few words, which are applicable to his other works, and especially to his 'History of English Poetry.' His expressions are select and forcible, and his sentences animated. He has frequent comparisons and allusions, which not only embellish his thoughts, but, at the same time, illustrate them. He abounds in figurative language, but without losing sight of simplicity; and is, perhaps, as much as any modern English author, remarkable for uniting without affectation, and without any appearance of art and labour, the excellence of a style at once perspicuous, ornamented, vigorous and musical." The records of our more ancient poets are presented to our view in a pleasing form, whilst the genius of the author enriches and diversifies the dry narrative with acute remarks.

In 1760, he wrote the "Life of Sir Thomas Pope." Dr. Mant thus speaks of it:—

"The subject afforded but little to interest general curiosity, and it required all the riches and all the art of the writer to surround it with splendour. But this Warton has effected. He has brought forward many curious circumstances hitherto buried among the lumber of voluminous and forgotten historians; and by the perspicuity of his arrangement, the vivacity of his language, and the justness of his remarks, exhibited a narrative, in which they, who are fond of inquiring into the manners and characters of past times, will find their attention deeply engaged.

S. V. P. IV - 117.
£ £ £. 11 - 99.

"——— The piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whereon ouls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores !
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of human antiquity, but strown with flowers."

He published, in 1761, the *Life of Bathurst*, "diversified with anecdotes of several learned men his contemporaries." His "Topographical History of Kidderminster" is an admirable specimen of parochial history.

The early fondness he entertained for Theocritus induced him, in 1770, to give his edition of that author, a publication distinguished for its correctness and splendour. His recommendation of the elegance and simplicity of the classic poets was the grand object of the lectures he delivered when appointed Poetry Professor to the University.

In 1782, he published "An inquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley," and his opinion seems decisive against their antiquity.

In 1784, his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, drew a fine portrait of him, and which is engraved by Hodges.

His edition of Milton's juvenile poems first appeared in 1785. Its exquisite preface, and its critical and illustrative notes, display his unceasing love of Milton, and these he diffusively uses in love and reverence of his mighty master. It is conducted with so much taste and elegance, that it is "a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfei reigns." Another editor, equally qualified for this task, could not have been found in the literary world.

Through a period of forty-seven years at Oxford, he was there recollect and beloved, as a most amiable man, and as one of the chief literary characters of his age; equal to the best scholars in the elegant parts of classical learning, and a critic of deep information and correct taste. This quiet, inobtrusive, this honest and good man, united in himself the power of commanding admiration by the variety and extent of his talents, and of conciliating affection by the qualities of his heart, and his manners were in an eminent degree unaffected; he was so far from ever making an ostentatious display of his great attainments, that, on the contrary, he would much more frequently conceal than shew them. His conversation was enlivened with humour, enriched with anecdote, and pointed with pleasantry and wit.

Mr. Southey justly says of him:—" happy-natured man, who carried with him a boy's heart to the grave;" and, speaking of him, as the editor of Milton, the annotator of Spenser, and the historian of English poetry, "there is no man of his generation, to whom our literature is so much indebted, except Percy."

The late Mr. Mavor thus speaks of him: "for the personal kindness of Warton to me at an early period of life, I shall ever retain an affectionate remembrance of him; and

for his genius and high attainments in literature, I feel all that deference and respect which can belong to his most enthusiastic admirers."

His generous biographer, Dr. Mant, again thus speaks of him:—" He displays great facility and variety of powers; his style is forcible and ornamented, his thoughts lofty and dignified; his imagery in his descriptive poetry select, new, and distinct; in his lyric poetry gorgeous and magnificent; in his less serious pieces he has the humour, without the grossness of Swift; in his Latin compositions he shows a true classical taste and feeling; and in all his poems, though he abounds in imitations of his predecessors, his imitations are not servile, and what he borrows he makes his own."

He continued to enjoy vigorous and uninterrupted health, till he reached his sixty-second year, when he was seized by a sudden and unexpected death. On Thursday, May 20, 1790, he passed the evening in the common room of Trinity College, and was more cheerful than usual. Between ten and eleven o'clock he was attacked with a paralytic stroke, and never spoke afterwards. He died at two o'clock on the following day. On the 27th, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the chapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours. His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore.

The following tribute of respect and veneration to his memory, appeared in a little volume entitled "Gleanings on Gardens, chiefly respecting those of the Ancient Style in England."

"It is scarcely possible to think on Oxford without the mind recurring to the recollection of the late Dr. Thomas Warton. No man took greater pleasure than he did in conversing, not only on its ancient College-gardens, but on those that in his youth existed in the adjacent counties. His poems exhibit the richest imagery when painting the scenes of nature. Flattery cannot now 'sooth the dull cold ear of death,' and therefore let me devote a very brief tribute to that mild and good man, by quoting a few lines from one who knew him well: 'Before I enter on the subject of his great literary abilities, I must mention what is much more estimable, the virtues and goodness of his heart. Truth, honour, and a generosity of disposition endeared him to all who knew him. From an unsuspecting honesty of heart, flowed a gentleness, a simplicity of manners, which rendered him highly endearing to his friends. He was above all the little evasions of cold and selfish hearts; a benevolence extensive, gave a lustre to every virtue. He never did a mean action: always exalted, always excellent, noble, and elevated in his sentiments, his character was unsullied. He was eminent for all the mild and social virtues. The goodness and sweetnes of his disposition were remarkable. Such was the elevation of his mind, that he appeared totally above taking

notice of what so often discomposes even men of sense and learning. One of the chief parts in his character was benevolence. How great must be the charitable temper he possessed, when his income, which solely arose from his merit and literary labours, was great part of it spent in benevolent actions! As he was the least ostentatious of men, much of his generous goodness was concealed, yet much was known to the world; the rest to only his Creator, to good angels, and to himself: his beneficence, like himself, was silent and sincere.'

"Let me apply to him, what Swift's Lord Corke says of Archbishop Herring: 'honour and reverence will attend his name while this world lasts; happiness and glory will remain with him for ever.'

"I cannot also prevent myself from appealing to my reader, in the concluding words of Boileau's Epitaph on Racine: 'O toi qui que tu sois, que la piété attire en ce saint lieu, plains dans un si excellent homme la triste destinée de tous les mortels; et quelque grande idée que puisse te donner de lui sa réputation, souviens-toi que ce sont des prières, et non pas de vains éloges qu'il te demande.'

F.

VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE.

It was the day of the marriage of the beautiful Countess of Brignole—the whole town of Genoa was a scene of rejoicing and festivity. Near the railings of the altar, a few feet from the young couple and their friends, stood a young man of rather an extraordinary appearance,—habited neither as a nobleman, nor as a citizen, nor yet as a tradesman. His dress was one purely of his own invention—all of a piece—black silk and black velvet; his complexion was pale, and a handsome pair of moustaches contrasted agreeably with his fine well-formed mouth. He knelt at no part of the ceremony, neither did he sit or ever utter a single response; but he remained with his eyes fixed on the youthful countess—not once stirring from the spot whereon he stood, leaning against a pillar. This young man was Anthony Vandyke.

The ceremony, at length, being concluded, the artist left the church in the midst of the throng; but, he felt tears moistening his eyes, and shudders crept painfully over his body, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, he turned his steps towards the beautiful gardens behind the marble palace of Doria. Poor Vandyke, he loved the countess! But it was not with a vulgar, sensual love; he loved her as an artist loves his graceful and beautiful model; every feature of her lovely face was a study of delight and ecstasy to the admiring painter. And his passion had now lasted more than two years, the count Pallavicini alone being acquainted with its existence.

As the sounds of the public hilarity rose in the air, and the chiming of bells from numer-

ous churches rung merrily on the ear, Vandyke felt as though he could rush into the presence of the Count Brignole, and dispute him his prize. He repeatedly struck his forehead, and at last, gloomily taking down his sword, which he had hung on a bough, he prepared to leave the gardens. The count Pallavicini, however, shortly met him, and taking him by the arm, led him in silence down the little street of San Ciro.

"Tell me," said Vandyke, "have you seen this woman?"

"I have just danced with her," answered the count.

"Your hand which has touched hers, let me kiss it."

"Are you out of your senses?"

"I am—in despair—I am—"

"Pooh! time will cure you of that."

"Never."

"Nonsense! it cured me, and I am sure it will cure you. Have not I lost more than a woman? have I not lost two castles?"

"If I possessed the whole town of Genoa, and its beautiful palaces, I would give up all for her sake."

"You would think a little about it first."

"I would give my life."

"Well, that is easier; but what are you going to do?"

"Listen to me. If you do not what I am about to desire of you, my blood be upon your head. Go to the palace Durazzo, request an audience of the count, whether he be yet up or no. Tell him that his father's deadly foe, the Marquis of Gippino, is waiting for him at the well in the valley of Lerbino, with his sword and case of pistols. Tell him, that a moment's delay will stamp on him for ever the name of a coward—or of a poltroon. Go, go, the lights are being extinguished, lose not a moment."

The Count Brignole was taking leave of a few of his intimate friends, when the beckoning nod of Pallavicini attracted his attention: "You know the Marquis of Gippino?" asked the count.

"I do not," answered Brignole; "but I am aware that hatred has of old existed between him and my father."

"His son is at this moment waiting for you in the vale of Lerbino—he has appointed me his second—choose your own."

Count Brignole stood struck with astonishment.

"Sir," said Pallavicini, "my words were clear!"

"I do not refuse satisfaction to the son of Gippino—he shall have it to-morrow."

"Now, or never!"

The remonstrances of the Count Brignole were unavailing, he was compelled to follow Pallavicini. Vandyke walked a-head of the party, and, at length, stopped under a grove of tamarisks. "I give you notice, Count Gippino," said Brignole, "that I intend to fight with vigour,—I have no wish to leave my wife."

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a widow on the first day of our marriage." Vandyke kept silence, and stood on his guard. They fought, and Vandyke was presently disabled with a wound in his arm; his weak constitution, already preyed upon by the cruel disease, that brought him to the grave at the age of forty, ill bore this shock, and he fell on the grass, faint with the loss of blood. "I will send a surgeon immediately," said the Count Brignole, who, with a look of contempt, left the ground, followed by his second.

Pallavicini bestowed all the care in his power on the wounded artist; but Vandyke thought not of his wound. "My friend," said he, "you are strong, run, follow that man, kill him, I will give you all I possess."

"Your wound is bleeding, I must stanch it."

"Let my blood flow, let it flow, let me die."

"Calm yourself, come. To-morrow will do as well."

"You are afraid!"

"Well, are you going to insult me, now?"

"You will not go! then I will—let me go, leave my arm, a curse on him!"

But Vandyke fainted.

* * * * *

The next day at twelve, a servant, wearing the livery of the Brignole family, made his appearance in the apartment of Vandyke. He signified his master's wish to see the artist, at the earliest convenience.

"This is strange," said Vandyke to himself, "he cannot have known me—I will go."

The artist dressed himself in his best style, but the splendour of his dress was far from being able to conceal the sickly cast of his countenance—he kept his wounded arm as if from mere absence of mind, in one of the shades of his doublet.

"Sir," said the count, on entering the saloon, "I beg you will be seated."

Vandyke felt the colour rising to his cheeks, but he endeavoured to suppress his emotion, and after all, thought that it might be attributed to bashfulness from being in the presence of a wealthy noble personage.

"I have to speak to you," continued the count, "about a little piece of business. You know that yesterday I was married, and I am desirous that an intimacy should spring up between us, I wish to be in a manner worthy of your talents; in short, I want you to make the portrait of my wife. Although I should cover your canvass with sequins, I should think you ill-repaid."

Vandyke made a bow, but remained silent; he could not have uttered a word.

"Would you be so good as to appoint the time for the first sitting?"

"To day—I am quite ready."

"Sir, you are extremely obliging; I wish for a whole-length portrait, and in the same style as that of the Marchioness of Villettro; and now, with your leave, I will call my wife."

The beauteous countess made her appearance, and Vandyke thought he should have fainted—but he mastered himself, and looked as indifferent as he possibly could.

"Now, Signor Vandyke, consider yourself at home: and first, do you stand in need of anything? I took great pains to supply the studio with all proper appurtenances."

"No, Sir, I have all I want," replied Vandyke, in a careless manner.

"And would you wish to be left alone with your sitter?"

To the artist's nod of assent, the count gave a ready compliance, and left the apartment.

"I know nothing more beautiful than your portrait of the Marchioness of Villettro," observed the countess.

"I will do my utmost to deserve your approbation."

"You have it before-hand," replied the countess. "I have not seen the marchioness lately—is she well?"

"I have never seen her, madam," replied Vandyke.

"And you have made her portrait?"

"Oh, the marchioness! I beg your pardon, madam—she is, I believe, tolerably well."

"Does this dress please you?"

"No, madam."

"It is too dark, perhaps?"

"I prefer that you wore last year, at the fête in the palace Doria."

"Were you there, then?"

"Yes, madam, I was; and I had the honour to dance with you; it appears that you forgot your partners, as I do my sitters."

"I have had so many dancers."

"And I so many sitters."

"You are hurt, Signor Vandyke; forgive a joke; but if we go on talking, my portrait will never be finished."

"It is finished, madam."

"Finished! you have not taken up your pencil yet."

"Finished, a twelvemonth ago, madam," and Vandyke rose to leave the room.

"Seriously; are you going?"

"Yes, and I must have the key of this studio with me—I will return this evening."

"And must I sit again?"

"It is useless, madam, the portrait is finished."

Vandyke locked the door, and left the palace. On reaching his house, he took down from the wall, a large picture without a frame, and covered over with a veil. It was that of the countess he had begun to paint the day after the fête at the palace Doria.

As evening cast its shades over the earth, Vandyke wrapped the canvass round him, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and left the portrait of the countess at the door of the palace. He said not a word, and from that day he was never seen at Genoa.

Such is the history of the portrait of the beautiful Countess Brignole, that may yet be seen in the palace Durazzo, at Genoa.

H. M.

* The above extraordinary anecdote is abstracted from an article of great length in the "Journal de Paris."

New Books.

A Legend of Florence. A Tragedy. By
Leigh Hunt.

[Concluded from page 111.]

[THE characters in this play are well drawn. Agolanti, sullen and tyrannical throughout, lords it over his feeble beautiful wife, till all the love and gentleness of her poor nature is completely crushed. His imperious mandate of "Be in the Purple Chamber in twenty minutes!" is thrillingly terrific: while the sudden courage she at last assumes—triumphing over her weakness—is finely brought to bear. The subordinate characters are scarcely less pleasing—wit among others, the lightsome beauties Olimpia and Diana; along with Colonna and Da Riva the poet, whose tongue drops with all the melodies of Florentine speech. The measures of the play deviate from the usual decasyllabic, being irregular; but from that very cause arises their harmoniousness.]

Constant Jeunesse of the Poet.

Nay, but the poet is the youth for ever,
How'er he grow: let him feign even a bit
Of a white top, like our old roaring boys,
Aetna and Vesuvius, with their sides of wine.

Frequent Fidelity of Friendship.

Friendship often ends
In treachery, and in thanklessness begun,
And the cold crust turns bitter and quarrelsome.

A Splendid Man.

Nay, what he has of grace in him is not sneaking.
In all, except a heart, and a black shade.
Of superstition, he is man enough!
Has a bold blood, large brain, and literal hand,
As far as the purse goes; albeit he likes
The going to be blown abroad with trumpets.
Nay, I wo'n't swear he does not love his wife,
As well as a man of no sort of affection
Nor any domestic tenderness, can do so.

A mighty attaching gentleman, 'faith,
And quite xorious.

Why, thus it is.

He highly approves her virtues, talents, beauty;
Thinks her the sweetest woman in all Florence,
Partly, because she is—partly, because
She is his own, and glorifies his choice;
And therefore he does her the honour of making her
The representative and epitome
Of all he values—public reputation,
Private obedience, delighted fondness,
Grateful return for his unamiableness,
Love without bounds—in short, for his self-love:—
And as she finds it difficult, poor soul,
To pay such reasonable demands at sight,
With the whole treasure of her heart and smiles,
The gentleman takes pity on—himself!
Looks on himself as the most unrespected to
And unaccountably ill-used bad temper
In Tuscany; rages at every word.
And look, she gives another; and fills the house
With miseries, which, because they ease himself,
And his vile spleen, he thinks her bound to suffer;
And then finds malice in her very suffering!

Procession of the Pope through Florence.

A flow of princely draperies
Through draped streets: bringing us, it is true,
Emotion, but yet soothed it, and blessing
With sacred hand. Weakness itself is touch'd
At ceremonial sights like these, with sweet
And no unstrengthening tears, bathed humility
In heavenly re-assurance. And, dear lady,
"Twill give a nature, so composed as yours

With Christian grace and willing cheerfulness;
A joy at once sacred, and earthly, and charming,
To see the face of the accomplished man
Whose Providence, most potent seen when mildest,
Has raised to be the prince of Christendom.
In this our day, when wit is questioning faith,
And mild religion answers with his eyes
Of charity, the unanswerable conclusion.

A Patron of Letters and Fine Arts.

Is his Holiness
So very and so beautifully gracious
To eloquence and letters?

I' faith, madam,
Our blessed Father seems to be of opinion,
That whatsoever good or beauty exists
Must needs belong, like angel's to the church;
And as he finds them, where severer men
(Not the best judges of angels,) might o'erlook them,
He makes us know them better; bids them come
Forth from the crowd, and show their winged wits,
And rise, and sit within his princely beams.

Florentine Loves and Marriages.

There are a hundred marriages
In Florence, and a hundred more to those,
And hundreds to those hundreds, had, as this;
As ill assort'd, and as lover-hated;
(Always allowing for the nobler difference,
And therefore greater power to bear); and yet
They do not kill; partly, because of lovers;
Partly, of pride; partly, indifference;
Partly, of hate, (a good staunch long-lived passion);
Partly, because all know the common case,
And custom's custom. There'll be a hundred couples
To-night, 'twixt Porta Pinti and San Gallo,
Cutting each other's hearts out with mild looks.
Upon the question, whether the Pope's male
Will be in purple or scarlet;—yet, not one
Will die of it; no, faith; nor were a death
To happen, would the survivors' eyes refuse
A tear to their old disputant and partner,
That kept life moving somehow.

By which logic
You would infer, to comfort me, that all
Marriages are unhappy.

Not unhappy.

Though not very happy.

Add doubtless

A time will come—

* * * * *

Oh, ay; a time will come—
Poet and prophet—*Redeunt Satyria reges.*
Now hear him on his favourite golden theme,
"A time will come;"—a time, eh? when all marriages
Shall be like some few dozen; exceptions, rules;
Every d.v., Sunday; and each man's pain in the head
A crowning satisfaction!

Delicate Ladies at Public Exhibitions.

Soh! you would see the spectacle! you, who start
At openings of doors, and falls of pins.
Trumpets and drums quiet a lady's nerves;
And a good hacking blow at a tournament
Equals burnt feathers or hartshorn, for a stimulus
To pretty household tremblers.

Accusation of Mercenary Love.

Agolanti. Can you pretend, madam, with your sur-
passing
Candour and heavenly kindness, that you never
Utter'd one gently-sounding word, not meant
To give the heavier pain? me pain? your husband?
Whom in all evil thoughts you so pretend
To be unlike.

Gisvold. I cannot dare pretend it,

I am a woman, not an angel.

Agolanti. Ay,

See there—you have it! you own it! how pretend the
To make such griefs of every petty syllable,

Wrung from myself by everlasting scorn?

Glossary
Acknowle
Of unpro
Apologie
Take ever
To try one
Grief it in
Make gro
Pander, sh
Makes the
Of some g
And it sha
Mean, mea
This angel
From one
You never
Never did
With me
And is on
Thinking al
By, but ac
AJ
Pardon me
My house
But look,
Why selec
And self-re
A boy's lie
That milde
Or quicke
You know
You do, Sir
And Arras
All easi
No rughu
No answer
No softes
No smile w
Take any
These year
Has been
Dell at the
A hell, the
With quiet
Betwixt he
Do Right
And think
Nor what
Sometimes
I must co
Per
You spoke
m
Are you a
li hangs
I know
Seeing it
Rediviva
May, on t
Signor Ag
Well nigh
So you de
To recollect
The wisest
By custom
In the fine
What othe
Rich, sun
Purchase
With bows
And think
No better
I am othe
More pro
y

Giulio. One pain is not a thousand; nor one wrong,
Acknowledged and repented of, the habit

Of unprovoked and unrepented years.

Apollonio. Of unprovoked! Oh! let all provocation

Take every brutish shape it can devise

To try endurance with; taunt it in failure,

Grind it in want, stoop it with family shame,

Make gross the name of mother, call it fool,

Pander, slave, coward, or whatsoever opprobrium

Makes the soul swoon within its rage, for want

Of some great answer, terrible as its wrong,

And it shall be as nothing to this miserable,

Mean, meek-voiced, most malignant lie of lies,

This angel-mimicking non provocation

From one too cold to enraged, and weak to tread on!

You never loved me once—You loved me not—

Never did—not when before the altar

With a mean coldness, a worldly-minded coldness

And lie on your lips, you took me for your husband,

Thinking to have a house, a purse, a liberty,

By, but not for, the man you scorn'd to love!

A Jealous Husband's View of Marriages.

Pardon me—I'm disturb'd—I'm not myself—

My house is not quite happy—you see it?—Whose is?

But look, sir.—Why should Florence fall on me?

Why select me, as the scape-goat of a common

And self-rented misery? 'Tis a lie,

A boy's lie, a turn'd-off servant's lie,

That mine is a worse misery than their own,

Or more deserved.—You know the Strozzi family,

You know the Baldi, Rossi, Brunelleschi—

You do, Signor da Riva—the Guidi also,

And Arengacci—well—are they all smiles?

All content? Is there, on the husband's' sides,

No moughness? No plain speaking? or, on the wives',

No answering, tart, or otherwise?—no black looks?

No softest spite? nor meekness, pale with malice?

No smile with the teeth set, shivering for'h a sneer?

Take any dozen couples, the first you think of,

Those you know best; and see, if matrimony

Has been success with them, or a dull failure;

Dull at the best; probably, damn'd with discord;

A hell, the worse for being carried about

With quiet looks; or, horribest of all,

Brutal habitual hate and fulsome holiday.

Da Riva. Oh, sir, you wrong poor mix'd humanity,

And think not how much nobleness relieves it,

Nor what a heap of good old love there lies

Sometimes in seeming quarrel. I thought you, sir,

I must confess, a more enduring Christian.

Personal Changes best seen by Strangers.

You spoke of my wife's life. 'Twas that that brought

me.

* * * * *

Are you aware on what a delicate thread

It hangs?

* * * * *

Tw're strange,

If I knew not the substance of the tenure,

Spw'g it daily.

Rossetti. A daily sight—pardon me—

May, on that very account, be but a dull one.—

Signor Agolanti, I humbly beg of you,

Will nigh with tears, which you may pity, and welcome,

So you deny them not, that it will please you

To resollect, that the best daily eyes,

Do wisest and the kindest, made secure

By custom and gradations, may s-e not

In the fine dreadful fading of a fee

What others see.

A Proud Hypocrite upbraided.

I know you proud,

Rich, sanguine during passion, suffer after it,

Purchasing shows of mutual respect,

With bows as low as their recoil is lofty;

And thinking that the world and you, being each

No better than each other may thus ever,

In sin-oh accommodation of absurdity,

More prosperous to your graves. But also I know

you

Misgiving amidst all of it; more violent
Than bold, more superstitions ev'n than formal;
More prop'd up by the public breath, than vital
In very self-conceit.

A Man accursed by universal detestation.

Every soul in Florence, from the beggar

Up to the priuinely sacredness now coming.

Shall be loud on you, and loathe you. Boys shall
follow you,

Plucking your shuddering skirts; women forego,
For woman's sake, their bashfulness, and speak
Words at you, as you pass; old friends not know you;
Enemies meet you, friend-like; and when, for shame,
You shut yourself in-doors, and take to your bed,
And die of this world by day, and the next by night;
The nurse, that makes a penny of your pillow,
And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,
Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
And count her wages!

[With these passages, which may serve as so many delicacies from a feast of sweets, we conclude; but if the reader would have all the banquet to himself, we can only refer him to the play. Isolated or selected passages are well adapted for the exhibition of an author's rhetorical or sententious beauties, but when unaided by the "moving accidents" of the tragedian plot, they must naturally lose much of the dignity, pathos and beauty, which connecting circumstances cannot but shed around them.]

An Historical Sketch of the Law of Copyright. By John L. Lowndes, Esq. [Saunders and Beuning.]

We sincerely thank the talented author of the above "Historical Sketch" for presenting the literary public with such a valuable and comprehensive digest of the law relative to copyright. It unfolds every particle of information necessary to be known on the subject, from the invention of printing to the present day, in a style the most lucid, and in language free from the phraseology of law. We heartily wish the important question of copyright was set at rest on *the broad basis of justice*; for, at present, neither the author nor bookseller is sufficiently protected. It is a sad and a disgraceful fact, that an author should be the only person in England who is not enabled to bequeath the fruits of his industry to his family, but for a few paltry years. It would be idle, even had we room, to enter fully on this subject, when to all liberal and unprejudiced minds it has so fully, so masterly, and so unanswerably been proved by Lord Mahon, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr. Hood, in the Atheneum, Mr. Lowndes, and others, that the present Law of Copyright is unjust.

It is impossible to close this too brief notice without mentioning the interesting contents of the appendix, it being full of important knowledge as to the law of copyright abroad; and proves, that if Englishmen have the character of being liberal, it is not in the patronage of the literati of their own country.

Mr. Lowndes's "Historical Sketch," is a work that merits the most earnest attention from every author, bookseller, and patron of the literature of England.

The Gatherer.

Marriages.—In England and Wales, in a population of ten millions, in the thirty years between 1790 and 1820, there were 3,137,635 marriages; which, of course, comprised 6,275,270 persons. Thus, four-tenths, or two in three, do not marry; that is, of 333 born, 200 marry, and have 350 or 380 children; and 133 do not marry.

Italian Wines.—The best wines are in the kingdom of Naples. The *Laetitia Christi*, as its name imports, is a *vin de liqueur*, sweet, rich, and of exquisite flavour. *Vino Greco* is of a fine colour, and rich perfume, grown near *Vesuvius*. The *Monte Pulciano* is a sovereign in its way. The grapes of Italy are actually endless; the *Mammolo* at Florence; the *Cajaurola*, a black variety; the *Moscatello* from *Mosca*, a fly, from the ancient *Apiana* wines; the *Barbarossa*, or red beard; the *Malvagia* from *Greece*; and the *Chianti*, which comes from the *vite bassa*, or creeping vine.

Self-denial for self-gain.—There was a certain miser who, in a famine, sold a mouse for two hundred pence, and then died of starvation himself.

A Wise Alternative.—Crates, in a storm, to lighten the ship, threw his money into the sea, saying, “I had rather drown you, than you should drown me.”

A recent writer, in an express chapter on the worthlessness of wealth, after anathematizing it in every possible way, and adducing instances from all antiquity against it, practically enforces his doctrine in this conclusive manner:—“God is absolutely exempt from wants, and the virtuous man, in proportion as he reduces his wants, approaches nearer the Divine perfection.”

Estimable Friendship.—He sought my friendship, because he felt himself worthy of it. He obtained it, because I read nobility in his aspect. He kept it, because his soul answered to his countenance. The first look of his that ever pained me, was the look of death.

An Heroic Peasant.—Conformably to the system of war the French carried on in Spain, they put to death all the peasants who fell into their hands. One of these victims excited admiration even in his enemies; he asked for life in a manner not unbecoming a Spaniard in such a case; finding that no mercy was to be expected, he wrapped his cloak around his head, and began his prayers, and when the bullet cut them short, fell and expired without a cry, or groan, or struggle.

I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is the only thing in nature which is most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution.

Sensation.—I O U are the vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest men than all the rest of the alphabet put together.

Until the time of Edward VI. the marriage ceremony was performed in the church-porch, and not in the church.

It matters little whether a man's love be encouraged or rejected, for they often lead to the same termination, the altar (halter); and, in both cases, a knot is tied, which is frequently afterwards wished, in vain, to be unloosed.

It is a curious fact, that the first equestrian statue erected in Rome, was in honour of a woman.

Inexplicabilities.—The authorship of *Ju-nius*, the executioner of Charles I., and the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, are at least three of the *res incognita* of the world.

Truth is everything that is: every thing is truth: and every no-thing is lie.

A gracefulness of style, thrown over masculine thoughts, is like a “network of silver for the apples of gold.”

Light moves in right lines—ignorance delighted in curves.

Extraordinary Insusceptibility.—Upon many men, and of great intellects too, painting produces no effect. “What an extraordinary collection of beautiful frames!” was the homely observation of Sir Humphry Davy, on entering the magnificent gallery of the Louvre: nor was he diverted from his admiration of the frames, until he came to an *Antinous*, executed in alabaster, when he exclaimed, “What a surpassing stalactyte!”

The fetters of *Rhyme* are no more than a bracelet to the true poet.

Astounding Liberality.—The African quoted in Denham's Travels, says of the generous *Boo Khaloom*, “His heart was as large as the Desert!”

A Prodigal.—“What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?”—“Because it's the only thing I have to spend.”

A Wellerism.—“I'm losing flesh,” as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

Profit and Loss.—Learning hath gained most by those books, by which the printers have lost.

The first madrigal composed in England, was by William Burd, 1588.

Among the Tartars, beggars are not allowed. They employ their indigent brethren, whom they call *Bai gush*, or men without homes, as messengers; cripples, and individuals incapacitated by old age, are supported by their own relatives; but should the latter not have the necessary means, they are provided for by the priesthood, who are allowed to levy an impost on the property of deceased persons for this purpose.

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